

T/SOE 28/1/3

BORN IN GLASGOW



GALLUS MUSIC
187 Wilton Street
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I WAS BORN IN GLASGOW

IAN MACKINTOSH
HAMISH IMLACH
EWAN MCVICAR
IAN DAVISON
ALAN TALL



A response to THE GLASGOW I USED TO KNOW. Just as true.
Alan MacNaughtan sings this song back-to-back with his own.

FAREWELL TO GLASGOW

WORDS AND TUNE JIM MACLEAN

Where is the Glasgow I used to know?
The tenement buildings that let in the snow.
Through the cracks in the plaster the cold wind
did blow.
And the water we washed in was filthy below.

We read by the gaslight, we had nae T.V.,
Hot porridge for breakfast, cold porridge for tea,
Some weans had rickets and some had T.B.,
Aye, that's what the Glasgow of old means to me.

Noo the neighbours complained if we played wi' a
ba',
Or hunch-cuddy-hunch against somebody's wa',
If we played kick-the-can we'd tae watch for the
law,
And the polis made sure we did sweet bugger a'.

And we huddled together to keep warm in bed,
We had nae sheets or blankets, just auld coats
instead,
And a big balaclava to cover your head,
And "God, but it's cold" was the only prayer
said.

Noo there's some say that tenement living was
swell,
That's the wally-cloze toffs who had doors wi' a
bell,
Two rooms and a kitchen and a bathroom as well,
While the rest of us lived in a single-end hell.

So wipe aff that smile when you talk o' the days,
Ye lived in the Gorbals or Cowcaddens ways,
Remember the rats and the mice ye once chased,
For tenement living was a bloody disgrace.

performed by Iain Mackintosh

DOON IN THE WEE ROOM

TRADITIONAL

Doon in the wee room underneath the stair
Everybody's happy, everybody's there
And we're aa makin merr, each in his chair
Doon in the wee room underneath the stair

When ye're tired and weary, and ye're feelin blue
Dont give way tae sorrow, I'll tell ye what tae do
Just take a trip tae Springburn and find Quinn's
Bar there
And go doon tae the wee room underneath the
stair

A king went oot huntin, his fortune for tae seek
He missed his train at Partick, went missin for a
week
Oh, after days of searchin, sorrow and despair
They fun him in the wee room underneath the
stair

Who wrote this gem? There's another whole version about, more
whimsical in tone. Quinn's Bar in Springburn no longer exists,
but I believe the Quinn family are still in the business, in faraway
Bishopbriggs.

If yer team has won the day, and ye want tae
cheer
Take a trip tae Springburn and order up a beer
Have yersel a bevvie, gie yersel a tear
Doon in the wee room underneath the stair

When ah'm auld and feeble and ma bones are
gettin aet
Ah'll no get cross and grumpy like other people
get
Ah'm savin up ma bawbees tae buy a hurly chair
Tae tak me tae the wee room underneath the
stair

performed by Iain Davison, Iain Mackintosh,

An admixture of cider and Lantig Fortified Wine is the preferred
bevvy = beverage of heavyweight losers, who doss behind the
Broo = Bureau = Unemployment Exchange and argue with their
chinas = china plates = mates.

DANNY LANNIE AND HIS HEAVY CHINA

WORDS AND TUNE EWAN MCVICAR

Danny found some money it was lyin in the street
He pit it in his pocket, said 'Ahm gonny have a
treat'
Danny bought some Lannie He bought some
cider too
He went round tae his billet at the back of the
Broo
He put the Lannie in the cider had a wee taste
Lannie in the cider had another wee taste
Then he took a sip or two then he took a sup
Then he took a notion bumped his china woke
him up

Said China Gie me half a note
China Well gie me what ye've goat
China It isn't whit ye think
China Ahm givin ye a drink

His pal grabbed Danny ehook him warmly by the
throat
Said Let me get this straight Yer on the make for
half a note

Ah wiz sleepin happily Dreamin o the summer
Along comes you Pit me oan a bummer
Along comes you wi yer fancy notion
Along comes you wi yer magic potion
Along comes you wi yer nice wee sup
Along comes you and woke me up

Yer china isn't very chuffed
Yer china has had aboot enough
Yer china may be goin soft
But yer china isn't gonna cough

Drink it fur yersel Ah canny stand the smell
Take that stuff away Ahm no gonny pay
Not the half of a note nor a five bob float
Not a florin not a shillin not a brase farthin
Lannie and cider may suit you
But Lannie and cider makes me gree
I'd rather drink heavy than any other bevvie
Heavy on the bevvie

performed by Ewan McVicar & Alan Tall

THE CAVES IN THE CANYONS

WORDS IAN DAVISON TUNE EWAN MACOLL

The city is changin' a' year and a' day.
And it's changin' as fast in the night-time.
For the next buildin's gone, as you lay there and
yawned.
But we a' know that now is the right time.

So in wi' the crane, and the swingin steel
ball
And oot o' the rubble the factor'll crawl.
Ta-ta, tae the caves in the canyons.

The buildin's were sandstone, the red and the
grey.
But they turned black, wi' a' the fires smokin'.
Noo the sky's gettin' brighter, the concrete stays
white,
And you don't hear the sparrae a' chokin'.

The new high rise buildings let light into the deep canyons of
tenement-walled Glasgow streets. Though they brought new
problems they smashed the power of the factors, agents of the
skum landlords. The song was written in response to THE
GLASGOW I USED TO KNOW.

Did you love stairheid lawicks: six families tae
wan?
Were the steamie-washed claes never dirty?
Could you squeeze in a friend, in your wee
single-end?
Was your mother decrepit at thirty?

So clear oot the middens. Let light in the cloze.
The high-flats'll beat the diseases.
It's miles tae the ground, but there's grass a'
around.
And the watter supply never freezes.

performed by Ewan McVicar

Will Fyffe, born and bred and buttered in Dundee, met an inebriate in Glasgow's Central Station. He asked "Do you belong to Glasgow?" "Yes, but tonight I feel that Glasgow belongs to me."

I BELONG TO GLASGOW

WORDS AND TUNE WILL FYFFE

I've been wi' a few o' ma cronies
One or two pals o' ma ain
We went in a hotel, where we did very well
And then we came out once again
Then we went into another
And that is the reason I'm fou
We has six deoch an' dorises, then sang a chorus
Just listen, I'll sing it to you

I belong to Glasgow, dear old Glasgow town!
But what's the matter with Glasgow?
For it's going round and round
I'm only a common old working chap, as
anyone can see
But when I get a couple of drinks on a
Saturday
Glasgow belongs to me.

There's nothing in being teetotal
And saving a shilling or two
If your money you spend, you've nothing to lend
Well, that's all the better for you
There's nae harm in taking a drappie
It ends all your trouble and strife
It gives you the feeling, that when you get home
You don't care a hang for the wife

performed by Ewan McVicar & Carol Sweeney

BUS 33

WORDS EWAN MCVICAR TUNE TRADITIONAL
We came on a thirty three ma mammy and me
Round all the ahops we did roam
We spent and we spent till our cards got bent
I feel so fed up I want to go home
I hate the Glasgow sales I hate the things I bought
I'd like to scrap the lot and just go home
Come on bus thirty three I'll sit on somebody's
knee
I feel so fed up I want to go home

GLASGOW RAIN

WORDS AND TUNE EWAN MCVICAR

The Glasgow rain is falling down cleaning up the
streets again
Now it's easing off a bit But it'll come in sheets
again
Why can't the weather Get itself together
Seems like the rain's been falling forever

The fog is rolling up the Clyde It's getting hard
to see again
All the buses will run slow I'll be late for my tea
again
Why can't the weather Put itself together
Seems like the fog's been rolling forever

When I was a kid there could be sunshine
When I was a kid it could be warm
Nowadays it seems like we've been lucky
Any day that goes without a storm

Comedians they all seem sad
Since Hancock took the hard way out
Milligan kept going mad Charlie Drake got
knocked about
Lots of funny fellers Think of Peter Sellers
A heart attack for every wife Bye Bye Barbarellas

The snow is falling on the roof The streets are
full of ice again
The country's going to the dogs And we're as
poor as mice again
Now or never Time to get together
Seems like we'll be falling forever

performed by Ewan McVicar & Alan Tall

Thoughts of two people standing in a
Glasgow bus queue.

The result of receiving an overdose of a beautiful American carol
called Virgin Mary Had A Little Baby. There is disagreement on
the authorship. Hamish should take out a patent on his laugh.

COD LIVER OIL AND THE ORANGE JUICE

WORDS CARL MACDOUGALL & RONNIE CLARK
TUNE TRADITIONAL

Oot o the East there came a hard man
Oh-ho, aw the way frae Brigton
Ah-ha, glory hallelujah
Cod liver oil and the orange juice

He went tae a pub, come oot paraletic Oh ho,
Lanaliq and cider
Ah hah, what a hell of a mixture

In the dancin he met Hairry Mary Oh-ho, the
flooer o the Gorbals

Aw, Mary, are ye dancin? Oh, no, it's just the way
ah'm standin

Haw, Mary, ye're wan in a million Oh-ho, so's yer
chances

Haw, Mary, can ah run ye hame? Oh-ho, ah've
got a pair of sandshoes
Ah-ha, yer hell of a funny

Oot o the back close, intae the dunny Oh-ho, it
wasny for the first time

Oot came her mammy, she wix goin tae the
cludgie
Oh-ho, ah bugged off sharpish

Noo Hairry Mary's lookin for her hard man
Oh-ho, he's jined the Foreign Legion Ah-ha,
Sahara and ra camuls

Hairry Mary had a little baby Oh-ho, its faither's
in the army

performed by Hamish Imlach & Carol Sweeney

NANCY WHISKY

TRADITIONAL - NEW WORDS EWAN MCVICAR

I came in by Glasgow city
Nancy's whiskey I chanced to smell
I went in, sat down beside her
Seven years I loved her well

Whiskey, Nancy Whisky, Whisky, Nancy oh

The more I kissed her, the more I loved her
The more I kissed her, the more I smiled
I forgot my mother's teaching
Nancy had me beguiled

Come landlady, serve an order
Then tell me what there is to pay
"Here's your hat and there's the door
You'll get no more, so on your way"

Who's the queen of all dream weavers?
Who took my heart? Who took my hand
And lead me down the rocky road
Then left me here in No Man's Land?

All you lads of Glasgow city
You know not what your life may be
Beware of Whisky, Nancy Whisky
She'll ruin you as she ruined me

Still I love her, I'll forgive her
Go with her, follow Nancy Whisky

performed by Ewan McVicar & Carol Sweeney

An old song, the wellknown tune was added to the wellknown
words by the father of Ewan MacColl. This version considers the
effects of seven years intoxication, and wonders if Nancy was a
landlady or the spirit of spirits.

A treasured song for old-time hikers. The writer was identified through the issue of this album, but hillwalker and shipyard welder Davvy Clark had died 16 months earlier. The places named are a short busride from Glasgow.

BARROOM MOUNTAINEERS

DAVID R CLARK

In Drymen Square so fair and fine
There stands a shop that sells good wine
It's full of whisky, wine and beer
And so are the Barroom Mountaineers
We're the Barroom Mountaineers

If you hear a tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho
In the middle of the night, in the middle of the night
Don't tremble so, dear hostelite
Just close your eyes and have no fear
It's only a drunken mountaineer
We're the Barroom Mountaineers

TAM THE BAM

WORDS EWAN MCVICAR TUNE TRAD

Tam you're a bampot The original bampot
You think that you're clever but you're not
You're just a

Bampot bampot What a bampot bampot

You tap hard men for fivers
Then you forget to pay them
So you get me to cool them
Then you try them out for another five
It's a wonder to me that you survive you're a

You go out with some young thing
Then get involved with her mammy
The tangle you're in is quite absurd
You're engaged to fifteen different birds
And married to three more mark my words you are a

You go out on a bender
Then you go on a berkie
You break into some houses break into some cars
Break into some pub for a few more jares
The police arrive you wrestle the lot
Next morning in court you blame it all on
The war wound you never got

This song beat out thousands of others to reach the finals of Songsearch 1987. The Spanish words of folk song La Bamba are astonishingly banal. Bampot means a held-banger, perhaps combining barmy and potty. Perhaps not.

We've never ever climbed a great big hill
And we hope the hell we never will
For the highest we've climbed is a windae aill
We're the Barroom Mountaineers

Don't be afraid to look us over
We are very seldom sober
And when we've had enough for four
You'll never see us on the floor
It's up to the bar and yell for more
We're the Barroom Mountaineers

From the shores of Balmah
To the hills of Aberfoyle
From Drymen Square to Glasgachille
We're famous everywhere we go
As a shower of drunken so-and-soes
We're the Barroom Mountaineers
performed by Ewan McVicar, Hamish Imlach,
Muriel Graves

And while we're on the subject
When you borrowed my wagon the other night
Did you notice that something's gone wrong with the lights

I mean the left side's smashed to bits
The bumper's bent and the door doesn't fit
Oh aye? You had a wee bit bump?
Whose name did you give you stupid lump?
I've had a summons just arrive
To say I'm being done for dangerous driving

I wish I'd never met you
You come into the pub when you're flat stoney broke
Think I'll buy the booze if you tell the jokes
I'm telling you Tam it's time you went
The council's looking for last year's rent
The tally men are forming a posse
Your mother-in-law are getting cross
The Broo's put the special squad on your tail
You're on your tod when it comes to the bail
Take it from me your former friend
You're down the tubes and round the bend
You are a

performed by Ewan McVicar,
Alan Tall, Fred Gilmour

Billy is a comic genius, so people tend not to notice he's such a fine songwriter. This version has been amended by Iain MacKintosh, who also knows well the life of the professional performer 'on the road'.

I WAS BORN IN GLASGOW

WORDS AND TUNE BILLY CONNOLLY

I wish I was in Glasgow
With some good old friends of mine
Some good old rough companions
And some good old smooth red wine
We'd talk about the old days
And the old town's sad decline
And drink to the boys on the road

That good old place I miss so much
Now sees some better days
But still we talk about it
As we go our separate ways
For Glasgow gave me more
Than it ever took away
And prepared me for life on the road

Now, I was born in Glasgow,
In the East End of the town
I'd take you there and show you
But they've pulled the old place down
And when I think about it
I always have to frown
They bulldozed it all to make a road

My grannie brought the family up
From the time we lost our mum
My father was a good man
And he made me all I am
There was always bread and butter
There was sometimes even jam
And there was so much to learn along the road

performed by Iain MacKintosh & Carol Sweeney

GOING HOME TO GLASGOW

WORDS AND TUNE IAN DAVISON

I'm going home to Glasgow its face is on my mind
Its laugh is loud and gallus its arms are warm and kind
I need to feel the ground underneath my feet
And hear the Glasgow sounds in the people that I meet

We're over Beattock Summit, we wave a winning fist
We're racing down the valley where the silver river twists
And now I hear the sound, I know I'm Glasgow bound
The tyres are singing sweeter as the sun strikes through the mist

The rails are reaching downwards, they point across the plain
The miles I owe to Glasgow friends are running through my brain
The restless engine glides towards the valley of the Clyde
With half a thousand homeward bound on the London Glasgow train

We soared above the Borders, the white clouds down below
We caught the winding coastline in the early sunset glow
We're sliding down the sky, the green hills in our eye
We swing around the city and we skim the river low

performed by Ian Davison & Carol Sweeney

By car, by train, by plane - going home. The only dialect word is 'gallus', which has ingredients of pride, confidence, warm pleasure, cockiness and several other words.

The Spirit of Glasgow Post, so popular that Prince Charles read it out when he opened the Garden Festival. Its nostalgic tone provoked two answering songs which are on this album. Too many Glasgow words to define here - try Michael Munro's guide THE PATTER if you really need to know.

THE GLASGOW I USED TO KNOW

ADAM MACNAUGHTAN

Oh where is the Glasgow where I used tae stay
The white wally closes done up wi pipe cley
Where ye knew every neighbour frae first floor tae third
And tae keep your door locked was considered absurd
Do you know the folk staying next door tae you?

And where is the wee shop where I used tae buy
A quarter o' totties, a tupenny pie
A bag o' broken biscuits an three tottie scones
An the wumman aye asked "How's yer maw gettin on?"

Can your big supermarkets give service like that

And where is the wean that once played in the street
Wi a jorrie, a peerie, a gird wi a cleek
Can he still cadge a hudge an dreep aff a dyke

Or is writing on walls noo the wa' thing he likes
Can he tell Chickie Mellie frae Hunch, Cuddy, Hunch

And where is the tramcar that once did the ton
Up the Great Western Road on the old Yoker run
The conductress aye knew how tae deal wi a nyaff
"If ye're gaun, then get oan, if ye're no, then get aff"
Are there any like her on the buses the day

And where is the chip shop that I knew as well
The wee corner cafe where they used tae sell
Hot peas and bree and MacCallums an pokes
An ye knew they were Tallies the minute they spoke
"Dae ye want a-da raspberry over yer icecream"

Oh where is the Glasgow that I used tae know
Big Wullie, Wee Shooley, the steamie, the Co
The shilpit wee bauchle, the glaikit big dreep
The ba on the elates, an yer gas in a peep
If ye scrape the veneer aff,
are these things still there

performed by Iain Mackintosh & Ewan McVicar

TWELVE AND A TANNER A BOTTLE

WORDS AND TUNE MCKENZIE AND FYFFE

It's really high time that something was done
To alter the way that the country is run
They're not doing things in the way that they should
Just take for instance the price of the food

For its twelve and a tanner a bottle
That's what it's costing the day
Twelve and a tanner a bottle
It takes all the pleasure away
Before ye can hae a wee drappie
Ye have tae spend all that ye've got
Oh, how can a fellow be happy
When happiness costs such a lot?

There's taxes on this, taxes on that
While we're getting lean the officials grow fat
Ye've got tae admit it's a bit underhand
Putting a tax on the breath opf the land
Now, I used tae meet some old pals o' mine
When whisky was cheap and went down like wine
Now I don't see them, I'm sorry tae tell
I slip round the corner and drink by myself

performed by Hamish Imlach, Carol Sweeney,
Muriel Graves, Ewan McVicar

A Dundonian composition, but a dear Glasgow topic. People who have seen Hamish Imlach will spot the irony in verse two.